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ROBERT P. WARING, Editor.

"The States—Distinct as the Willow, but one as the Sea."

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CHARLOTTE, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1854.

NO. 32.

Business Cards, &c.

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Office in the rear of the Democrat Printing office,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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February 17, 1854. 30-y

Marriage Licenses for sale at this office.

Rough Notes on the Andes.

Tarma, a small town in Peru—by Alpha and Beta, Centauri—in latitude 11° 25' south, is situated in a rich, well cultivated, narrow valley, between the Andes range of mountains on the east and the lofty Cordillera chain on the west.

On the 9th July, 1851, the writer turned south-east, accompanied by Henry C. Richards, a native of Virginia, in the United States, and Jose Casas, of Spanish descent, native of Peru. A volunteer mestizo arriero, with his little son, drove a train of mules which carried the baggage. Our path was shaded by willow trees and the way obstructed with droves of llamas, loaded with rock salt from mines in the neighborhood. The leaves of the trees seemed calling for water, while the temperature of the air at mid-day in the shade was 68° Fahrenheit. Peach and apricot leaves doubled up, showing both their edges to the sun; the fruit is small, oblong, and unthrifty looking. The ravine through which we ascend is thickly populated with Quechua Indians. Their houses are built of stone and wood and thatched with coarse mountain grass. The natives are busily employed gathering the harvest of maize, which is small-grained, and of four colors, red, white, yellow, and blue. It is of excellent quality, generally used as food, roasted or parched. Potatoes, of which there are numerous varieties, are all now gathered. They grow in perfection, though much smaller than their descendants in the United States. The little estates (chacras) are owned by descendants of Spaniards, Indians, or Mestizos—the latter a cross between the two former. In almost all cases the cultivation of the soil is performed by the aborigines, at wages from ten to twenty cents a day.

As we rise above the foliage the mountain tops begin to look wild and barren, with rocks and red clay. Below we have a beautiful view of the town of Tarma, amidst its green trees and pasture fields. My mule Rose pants for breath; she is so fat and plump that the climbing troubles her. On the mountain side is seated a fine-looking Indian, blowing a semi-circular shaped trumpet, made of a number of cows' horns slipped one into the other, with the joints sealed. He does not seem to be so particular about the tune as he does to the distance he may be heard, and he makes the valley ring. Jose thinks he is trying to blow up a wedding with a fair one among the flowers below. The Indians celebrate harvest time with merry-making. Their meals are cooked in the fields, where their kitchen utensils are carried. They have music and dancing in the barley stubble. It is amusing to see these happy people enjoying themselves in the open air as we pass—the reapers seated near the road in a barley-field at dinner upon the ground, in rows one behind the other, laughing and talking among themselves. When we meet them they are very civil, modest, and unassuming in manners. The men carry enormous loads of barley or wheat on their backs, while the women drive the loaded ass and sling the children over their own shoulders. Their horses, mules, sheep, horned cattle, pigs, and dogs are all admitted together with the family into the harvest field. While the father reaps and mother gathers, the boys tend the flocks, and the elder girls take care of the babies and the cooking, at the same time they spin woolen yarn by hand for stockings. One of them offered a pair for sale at twenty-five cents, which were nearly long enough for trousers. They are always employed—go to bed early and rise before the sun, as their lives taught them to do.

At the top of the mountain not a house or tree was to be seen and no sign of cultivation. On tufts of coarse mountain grass a flock of sheep were grazing, some of them Merinos and of good size. Their wool is sent to Lima, where it is sold to be exported around Cape Horn to the manufacturers in the north.

To the east is a snow-peaked mountain, and as the moon rises, as if from the Atlantic ocean, we are followed by a cold north wind. The sky is clear, and of a deep blue. On our left we see the remains of an ancient Peruvian road, used in the times of the Incas. It is said that good roads are marks of civilization; could my mule Rose give her opinion, she would certainly decide in favor of the Inca road in preference to those found in Peru at the present time. These remains show a width of thirty feet of rock pavement, with well-placed curbstone, on each side. Where the road has considerable inclination rows of stone are placed across, higher than the general level of the pavement, so that it appears like a stair-way on the side of a hill. That it was not a coach road is no argument against it. It was made before the horse, the ass, or the cow were introduced into South America from Europe. It was constructed for the Indian and his llama, who is the surest of the sure-footed, and therefore the improvement speaks well for the civilization of those times, of which we have but a traditional record.

Passing over a plain on the mountain top, there was a cistern by the side of our path where water is caught during the rainy season to supply the thirsty in the dry. The rainy season commences here about the middle of September, sometimes later, and lasts six months; the remainder of the year is dry.

Night had overtaken us where not a living thing was to be seen, except a black eagle returning to its roosting place under overhanging rocks. On the west side of a lofty peak our little tent was pitched; the baggage piled up and covered at the door; the mules left free for the night to feed upon the mountain grass around us. A fire was kindled and water from a small spring heated; tea was made. Jose produced bread and cheese from his saddle wallets, placed upon a clean cloth over a trunk. Looking into the tent, he says, very slowly, "Señor, la hora de cenar"—sir, it is the hour of supper. Both men and beasts seem tired. We have ascended all day. The first day's travel is always the most harassing. Our Arriero Francisco, a mestizo, is a small slim built man, with respectful manners; he and his little son Ignacio keep watch by turns over the mules. The little boy is out while his father gets supper. The night was clear and cold, the moon shining brightly. The world is not so silent in the middle of the ocean. I do not think I heard anything. I almost listened to hear the globe turn upon its axis. Long after the people were asleep little Ignacio was singing to himself, wrapped up in his home-spun poncho, as he followed the mules.

At daylight in the morning we found heavy frost and ice about us, with thermometer at 24° and wet bulb 30. The mules were loaded, breakfast

over, observations made, and we off soon after sunrise. This is the way to travel at an elevation where we find no inhabitants.

The mountains become more rounding, and are covered with a fine sort of grass. Shepherds are following thousands of sheep and lambs. The girls spin wool and chat together, while the dogs follow lazily after. If we pass close to the flock and the sheep run back, these dogs make a furious attack upon us, keeping between us and their flock. The temperature of a spring of excellent water, near the path, was 48°. To the southeast snow peaks stand up in full view. The day is warm and pleasant. Here comes a cheerful party of ladies and gentlemen on horseback. As we pass each other the gentlemen take off their hats, and the ladies look prettily under their white straw ones. Their figures show to advantage in riding dresses, and they manage and sit their horses well. The cool mountain air gives them a fresh color which contrasts well with gazelized eyes and long black hair. I thought their dresses rather short, but a sight of the foot of one of them, small as it was, reminds one there is proof positive against the propriety of a man's travelling through this world, alone.

Now we meet the market Indian driving asses, loaded with potatoes, corn, and saddles of mutton, to Tarma. I wanted some mutton for the party, but Jose was positively refused by an old woman, who got out of his way by twisting the tail of her donkey, who was disposed to come to a stand and be relieved of his load. I was told Indians scarcely sell except after they arrive in the Plaza. I can account for it by the woman's wanting an excuse to go to town, for Jose offered her more than the market price.

At the end of a thickly-populated valley, which stretches off to the southeast, we halted at an Indian bar, for dinner. The wife was at home with her children—fine, healthy looking little ones. Boiled mutton, potatoes, and eggs, with good wheat bread, were placed upon the ground at the door. The children and dogs formed an outside circle around us. After dinner the woman gave me an orange, which she said came from the woods, pointing to the Andes to the east of us. Some of these Indians cross the range of mountains and garden on the eastern slopes for the market, on these table lands—Puna, as the Spaniards call the elevated flats.

The husband was threshing barley with his neighbors. The grain is separated from the straw by the tramping of oxen and horses. Over the surface of this level valley there are numbers of such threshing parties. The grain is cleaned from the chaff by being poured from the top of a man's head on a windy day: many of them suffer with inflamed eyes, and even lose them: sometimes by a shift of wind which blows the barley beads into the eyes.

Black cattle are numerous here, and at the foot of the mountains; so are white churches, which stand in the midst of a thick population of Indians. We met a number of tax-gatherers going among the threshers, with silver-headed canes, receiving a measure of grain instead of contribution money. They are old Indians, very well dressed, with standing collars and broad-brimmed hats, and a respectable Quaker-like air about them. It is an active time with the priests also, who go abroad among the farmers, for tithes.

The valley is all activity, and merry are the people. Women are visiting about from place to place astride of plump little jackasses. This is a plentiful season.

When the crops fail on these table lands the suffering among the Indians is very great. Seed-time is in September, just before the rains commence. If there are hard frosts in February the chances are that famine follows.

Crossing a small ridge on the east, we come in full view of the great valley of the Junja, stretching away south. The snowy peaks are represented in a sketch from our camp near the town. Jose's wife and children came to the tent and brought us supper and lucerne for our mules. One of the sons, a fine looking boy of eighteen, volunteered to go with me. Jose desired I should let him go, and I had no objection; but when his mother came to ask me, if I was not satisfied to take her husband without taking her son and only protector, also, I referred Jose and his son to her. She settled the case in her own way, and gave me her blessing.

Junja has a population of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants. I say about because there is no such thing as a census known at this elevation. The houses are built one-story, of adobe walls, or of unbaked bricks, and tile roofs; the streets are well paved, and run at right angles with each other. A pretty little whitewashed church stands upon the plaza, where the women sell their marketing and say their prayers. The Indians come to market and church at the same time. Sunday morning is the great market day. A drove of small horses are most miserable looking rats. The horse of the lowlands and coasts are much their superiors.

Men live to a good old age in this climate; seventy, eighty, and ninety years are common; some have arrived at one hundred and twenty and one hundred and thirty. I am under the impression that the Indians live longest. Mestizo and Spanish Creole girls have been known to bear children at eight and nine years of age.

The Spanish Creole population is small. They are generally shop-keepers, the only dealers in foreign goods, which are retailed to the Indians at enormous profits. They travel to Lima and purchase goods, which are used as an inducement for the Indians to work silver mines, existing three leagues to the east of Junja, in the Andes range, but which at present are little worked. The Indians prefer blue in their dresses to any other color, and consume considerable quantities of indigo. The demand for wax in the churches is of some account. Eggs and wool are the principal exports to Lima, and are carried over the Cordillera on the backs of jackasses. Travellers do not know why they meet so many bad eggs at breakfast in Lima. It is customary to pass them round the country as current money, or coins, for some time before they are sent to the coast to be eaten. Mrs. Jose says three eggs will buy her a glass of brandy, or sixpence worth of anything in market. The carrying trade is superintended by the Indians.

The Mestizos are shoemakers, blacksmiths, and saddlers; they seem fond of music and dance-

ing, and assume the pride of a superior, and lord it over the honest Indian.

Our road lies through a rich valley, after four miles wide, and level as a floor. The mountains on both sides are dry and unproductive, except in the ravines. The half-yearly displacement of earth is very great. During the rainy season the mountain torrents come down from the summit loaded with soil. The decrease in the size of the mountains from the time of their creation to the present day, and the filling up of this basin, naturally leads one to wonder, whether the present valley was not once a lake. The Junja river, which takes its rise in Lake Chincaycocha, to the north of Tarma, flows sluggishly and serpent-like through the whole length of the valley, and creeping through the Andes suddenly rushes off at a rapid rate, as though sensible of its long journey. These waters descend over 11,000 feet before they mingle with the briny deep. The bed of the river is half a mile wide, and in the wet season is probably fifteen feet deep. There is very little water in it now. The banks break down perpendicularly. The growth of small trees and flowering gives a fresh appearance to the valley, but the sun is very warm as we pace along the dusty road. The apple trees are about the size of raspberry bushes.

There are few varieties of birds in the valley; some pigeons and doves keep the table pretty well supplied. Little Ignacio takes great interest in the sport, and his sharp eyes are constantly on the look-out for a shot. By the river snipe, are found, and among the flowers the humming bird is seen and heard.

The road crosses a number of dry beds of streams of considerable size in the rainy season. There is only water enough at present for the wash-women, whose soap-suds spoil the water for our beasts. We pass through the village of San Lorenzo and the small town of Concepcion. A death-like silence pervades these places. The people are in the fields, except some Creoles seated among the flowers in their neat little court-yards. The streets are narrow and the houses small. All the towns of the "Puna" are built much after the same fashion and of the same material; the only difference in their outward appearance being produced by the cultivation of foliage and flowers, where the climate and soil permit. When this is not the case, the town presents a stupid, uninteresting aspect. Children, dogs and pigs, earthen pots, and beds of straw surround a smoking fire on the ground-floor of a one-roomed house; the smoke escapes through the doorway, the only opening for light or a change of air. During storms or at night the door is closed; one peep inside satisfies the North American he can find no rest there. But here in the valley the cooking is done under the trees, and the inmates of the house wander out in the shade. We have often noticed expressions of friendship between the children and dogs; the latter showing his pleasure by wagging his tail, while the smiling child pulls his ears. The pig is the most restless creature at this height; while by himself he is seen tossing up the bottom of the valley. When he sees the child and dog together, he gives a cork-screw motion to his tail, jumps and swings his hams about, with an inviting grunt to play. Before long he is lying on his side, with the child on top of him, while the dog is pawing and snapping at that laughable twist of the tail. The affection the different species of animals have for one another in these associations, is remarkable. The dog in any other place will sometimes kill and eat the sheep; here he protects it by night and by day. The pig forms an attachment to the jackass, who leaves it at this season of the year, for the female of his own kind. The ram becomes intimate with a horse or a bull, and it is with difficulty they can be separated. The lamb follows the Indian girl in direct disobedience and neglect of its mother's call. Domestic cats are few; they cannot live on high elevations.

There is no part of Peru which is more densely populated than the valley of Junja. There, close under the mountains on the east side, stands the town of Ocopa, with its convents and schools. From that place missionaries have branched off in different directions to the forests in the east, at great risk of life and loss of all its comforts, to teach the savage red man how to change his manners, customs, and belief. Some have succeeded, others have failed, and were murdered or driven back by the battle-axe, their settlements destroyed by fire, and years of labor lost; yet some never tire.

Ignacio carries our tent-pole across the pommel of his saddle. His thirsty mule ran between two others loaded with baggage, the boy was swept off and dropped over the creature's heels into the middle of the stream; he regained his saddle in a short time; his father laughed at him, and took the pole himself.

In the centre of the valley are the remains of an ancient city. The stone walls were twelve feet high and from one to one and a half feet thick; those of the present day are generally adobe, from three to four feet thick. Some of the buildings have been round, others oblong, but round ones are largest and best situated; the streets very irregular and narrow; no appearance of plaza or church. The ruins extend half a mile north and south and two hundred yards east and west. On a knoll, which may have been an island before the Inca road was built, we are travelling, hedged in on both sides with cactus. As the land about this ancient city is now cultivated as a cornfield, no remains of curious things could be found. The mason work is very rough, but remains of mortar are there. How the houses were roofed is doubtful; but by the slanting down on the inner side of the stones of those houses which were round, the mason-work may have been carried up till it met at a point, which would give the house a sugar-loaf shape. Besides doorways, there were window-openings.

Droves of jackasses pass, loaded with small raw hide bags, filled with quicksilver, from the mines of Huancavelica, on their way to the silver mines of Cerro de Pasco. Marks of small-pox are seen among the people; but there are no chills and fevers here. Some of the women have dreadful swellings in their necks, called "goitre," caused by drinking bad water, or snow-water deprived of salts. But why it is confined to the women I cannot say, unless the men never drink water!

It was very certain, from the noise after church, that they find something stronger. I do not think the people are generally dissipated, except on Sunday afternoons, when both sexes seemed disposed to frolic. During the week they are otherwise employed.

Leaving the Junja valley, we passed through a rough, hilly country. In barley stubbles, ewes are giving their young. A woman planting beans after the plough, has her baby slung over her shoulders. By the noise it made I doubt its partiality to beans! The plough is drawn by oxen yoked by the horns. It is made of two pieces of wood; the handle and couler are of one piece, into which is jointed the beam. The couler is shod with a square plate of iron without a shear, so that the furrow is made by throwing the soil on both sides, like the North Carolina bull-tongue. On a hill some Indians are planting beans, while others are carrying up water in large jars from a stream, for the purpose of irrigating the vegetables just peeping out of the ground.

The small towns of Guayocachi and Nahucapuyo are inhabited solely by Indians and have a ruinous appearance; the streets are pasture grounds, and decayed old houses serve as roosting places for buzzards. We had thunder, rain, and hail; the hail stones as large as peas, soft like snowballs. Lightning flashed all around us in the valley, while the black clouds brought up by the southeast winds were hurled back by a northwest squall. Thermometer 45°. The Indians gather the dung of animals for fuel; wood is too scarce to burn here. The green waters of the Junja rush down through deep ravines; its power is used for a flour mill; the grain is mashed. The branches of a few large cedar trees give shade to the door of the polite old Mestizo miller. Descending the river we come to a beautiful white-washed new stone bridge, with one arch thirty feet above the stream. Paying a toll of a shilling per mule, we crossed the Junja into the small town of Iscuchaca. Near the river there are patches of lucerne, and peach trees in blossom. A native of Copenhagen, in Denmark, came forward and invited us to his house. The people had told him his "countrymen" had arrived. He was a silversmith and apothecary, but had been employed by the Peruvian Government to construct this beautiful stone bridge, which he had finished, and married the first pretty girl on the street leading therefrom, daughter of a retired officer of the Peruvian army. The bridge across this stream was formerly built of wood. During a revolution, one of the parties set it on fire, and the ends of the beams while burning set fire to the stone foundation! The Copenhagen man gathered a quantity of this stone, made a fire of it in his forge, and heated a piece of iron red hot. He called it brown slate coal, rather hard, not good for blacksmith work; but the same is used for running an engine at the mines of Castro-Virreyna, in which he is interested. There are thermal springs near, and specimens of magnetic iron were collected from a mountain one and a half leagues to the northeast of the town. The "matic" bush is found here. Many stories are told of the effects of this medicinal plant, which has been in use as a tea among the Indians, and as a poultice for wounds.

Iscuchaca is pleasantly situated amidst wild mountains, which seem to lock it up. The Junja winds its way towards the Atlantic while we climb a steep towards the Pacific. Many fine mules are dashing down the narrow road. The driver tells me he is from Ica, bound to the Cerro Pasco mines, where he trades mules for silver. Ica is situated inland from Pisco on the coast. Among the mountains, at the top of a dangerous and precipitate pass, there is a wooden cross erected by the people in the neighborhood. Travellers invariably take off their hats as they pass, praying for a safe passage, or feeling thankful for one. The women often decorate these emblems with wreaths of flowers, cross themselves devoutly, and pass on. Jose begged me to hang the mountain barometer to one arm of the cross. While I took the reading of it he looked on in great admiration.

The small Indian town of Guando is the first we have seen built of stone. It is situated high up on the mountains, and presents a most dilapidated appearance. On one side of a narrow street, little schoolboys were seated saying their lessons to the teachers, who were on the opposite side. As we passed between them the boys all rose and bowed politely. Among the inhabitants were an unusual number of elderly women. The temptation was great to ask their ages; but, as some dislike questions of that sort, I might make an enemy without getting a fact.

We ascended the top of the mountain and see perpetual snow in all directions, overhanging with heavy black cumulus clouds, above which the Cerros shoot upwards; in the zenith the sky is clear and of the deepest blue. Spring water 44°, air 45°. Richards shot at four wild geese with his carbine and single ball; two of the geese flew off, leaving the others much frightened. The geese flew across a small snow-water lake. These birds are white, the end of wings and tail being black, with red bills and legs as large as the domesticated goose, though not so tender. Tadpoles, but no fish, were to be seen. Wild ducks kept at a distance. The lambs are pasturing and giving birth to its young close under the perpetual snow-line. The Alpaca and Huacaco species of the lama are in numbers also. Lamas occupy the useful position among the aboriginal race of South America that the camel does to the wandering man in Arabia. These animals carry loads of one hundred pounds, over roads too dangerous for the mule or the ass, and climb mountains difficult for man. They are principally used for conveying silver from the mines. The Indians are very fond of them. Though they drive with a whip, it is seldom used. When one lags behind or lies down on the road, the Indian takes it and persuades it to forget its fatigue and get up again. They hang little bells about their graceful necks and decorate the tips of their ears with bits of colored ribbon. Their dispositions, like those of their masters, are gentle and inoffensive, except when too much hurried; then they cast saliva at the Indians, or at each other. This is their only offence. It is thought to be poisonous. They require very little food, which they pick up on the mountain, and are much more temperate than their drivers. They require very little water. Their loads are taken off at mid-day that they may feed. I am told they never eat at night. They seek the cold regions of the Andes; nature has provided a warm

fleece of wool, and they need no shelter. Though they are feeble animals, their usual daily travel is about fifteen miles; but after three or four day's journey they must have rest, or they perish on the road. The motion of the head and neck as they cross the mountain crags may be likened to that of the swan as it floats over smooth water. The wool makes good coarse cloth of various colors, seldom all of one color. The huacaco is known by its being rather larger than the lama; it is said to be difficult to train, even if taken young. It never gives up its idea of liberty, and will regain its companions when ever an opportunity admits. The alpaca is the smallest, with the finest long wool. Its body resembles the sheep, with the head and neck of the lama. Jose tells me they are good to eat; but, like the others, the meat is not very palatable. Alpaca wool is well known in the markets. The Indians make clothing of it, and trade it off on the coast. In this department and further south, great numbers of these new-world camels are raised. It has been remarked they seek the south side of the mountains; probably there is less evaporation than on the north side, and the pasture is more fresh and inviting. Barley is generally raised on the north side of the mountain.

After a long and tiresome descent we halted in the main plaza of the town of Huancavelica, in front of a small shop on the corner. Drawing out a letter of introduction to the owner of the house, given to me by his friend, my Copenhagen "countryman," I handed it to a very pretty young woman seated in the doorway, sewing. She invited me in, and I followed to the bedroom of her husband, who was napping. There were so many female dresses hanging around I was obliged to be seated on the bed. The husband shook hands, rubbed his eyes, gaped, and then laughed. He said he was very glad to see me; that every thing in his house was mine. Our baggage was put into a room, and preparations at once made for dinner. While I was resting an officer, with a gold-laced cap, jacket trousers, and a half-buttoned military gaiter, came in and inquired from whence I came, and as he was a lieutenant of police he would thank me to show him my passport. In return I inquired "whether, in his opinion, the world was not sufficiently civilized to permit people to pass without such documents?" It is very certain the lieutenant never had such a question put to him before. I told him to call when my baggage was unpacked; but never saw him again. Though I heard that Don— told, "that North Americans required different treatment from those of some other parts of the world, they did not know what passports meant, notwithstanding they were a very intelligent people!"

India.
The history of India is made up of a series of bloody wars and cruel oppression, in which the innate ferocity which seems to be an abiding element in the eastern character has displayed its utmost powers. Divided into many petty principalities whose rule, depending upon the fear they excite among their own people, and their neighbors, for the security of their persons and their throats, have at no time let pass, unimproved, opportunities of enriching their treasuries by extortion or conquest, it has fallen an easy prey to the all-absorbing influence of the East India Company, which, by fermenting native jealousies and attacking the states in detail, has at length possessed itself of nearly the whole of its territory.

From the remotest antiquity the East has been a land of fabled riches. A thousand years before the Christian era, King Solomon obtained from thence his stores of spices and precious stones, and the circuitous routes of traffic, the wild and savage tribes that cut off all direct communication with the then known world, gave an opportunity for the fancy to revel in its wildest conjectures, and peopled it with a race totally different from the other inhabitants of the earth. Alexander the Great first destroyed these illusions by his famous expedition about B. C. 331, in which he penetrated to the borders of Hindostan. Intercourse was established, which has been maintained until the present time with ever increasing freedom, successively enriching the nations who in turn became its patrons, and pouring its untold millions into the treasuries of the old world. At length the discovery by Diaz A. D. 1486, of a route by the Cape of Good Hope through the open sea, put an end to all further monopoly on the part of those whose favorable locations, or power of controlling the avenues of traffic, had enabled them to engross this trade to the exclusion of all others. The thirst for discovery and adventure was rife, and a Portuguese fleet was long ploughing the waters of the Indian seas. But the trade was too important to be given up without a struggle.

The merchants of Egypt and Italy saw too well their fate if their western neighbors were allowed to improve the immense advantage they possessed, and endeavored by dint of superior force to destroy the ships of the Portuguese. The latter, however, triumphed, and enjoyed the fruits of their adventurous daring till 1509, when the Dutch, lured by the prospect of a share of these gains, fitted out a fleet of merchantmen laden with goods for merchandise and barter. Following closely upon their footsteps came the English, seeking their share of the wealth of these fabled regions. The merchants of London had lent a ready ear to the marvellous tales of the boundless wealth of these lands lying under the sun, and anxious to shake off the restrictions and impositions of the Venetians, through whom alone their traffic had been carried on, eagerly embraced this opportunity of transferring to their own coffers a portion of the enormous profits which were reaped in its pursuit. In 1600 an association was formed with sufficient capital, which was incorporated by Queen Elizabeth, under the designation of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies."

The French followed, and for a time so successfully prosecuted their undertaking, that the envy and jealousy of their island rivals were highly excited, and upon a rupture between the mother countries an appeal to arms was resorted to, to determine which should be masters of the field. Various fortunes befel each party, until May, 1760, when Pondicherry, the last retreat of the failing French power in India, was taken, and the English were left in undisturbed possession of their hard earned trading ground. From that period to the present time, the history of the country has been inseparable from that of the East India Company.—Boston Transcript.